

TILTON TALK

APN-2-23-M

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EDITORIALS

APATHY

From the attitude of too many people right here among us, the war is as good as over and there is no longer any necessity for knocking one's self out about the rest of it. To find that at a General Hospital is particularly surprising and disheartening, leading us to wonder what the situation is like among people who have far less incentive at hand than us.

A stroll through the hospital corridors on any day at any time should provide anyone with enough mental impetus to keep him going at top speed until Japan and Germany capitulate to our terms of unconditional surrender. There should be no quibbling, no goldbricking about it. Gen. Brehon Somervell's recent decree calling for eight hours extra work a week among civilian workers in the Army Service Forces might not have been necessary were it not for this distressing apathy.

Let's get on the ball!

DON'T FORGET THE BALLOT

In our last issue we called upon the readers of this periodical to take steps toward obtaining their absentee war ballots for the election next November. Either the men and women have been making the necessary applications through outside agencies or there is not much interest on the post. The first sergeant's office, the Red Cross, the post office, and Lt. Batchellor's office in Ward 27 report very few requests for post card ballot applications.

If you wait much longer, fellows and girls, you'll be shut out. It only means filling out and mailing a simple post card. So get at it....today...now!

CIVILIANS

There is an urgent need for badge rollers. If you have an extra hour or two in the daytime report to the Fort Dix Work Room, located at the rear of the Post Bank. The room is open Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. If you need passes or transportation it will be arranged for you. For all information call 3219 or 4159.

PATIENTS STAGE 11 MUSICAL SHOW 1

For the first time in any General Hospital in the United States, a full-length play with music will be put on at the Red Cross Recreation Hall on the evening of August 24, 1944, featuring an all-patient cast.

This project is in the form of an experiment by the Special Services Office of the Second Service Command with Tilton General Hospital as the guinea pig. It is argued that convalescing patients have much time on their hands and thus have great difficulty whiling away the hours, days, weeks before their release from the hospital.

An enlisted man, therefore, has been sent down from the Special Services Office in New York with the complete script of a play under instructions to turn over the production to the patients. This is now being done.

Under the supervision of Cpl. Gene Marvey, with Mr. Al Bergh assisting, patients at Tilton are now whipping "Hospital Daze", an original play with music, into professional shape. In addition to playing the many roles in the play, patients are building the scenery, making the costumes, arranging the lights and having loads of fun in their tasks.

Rehearsals are held daily from 9:30 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. and from 7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. and the carpenters, electricians, wardrobe men, etc., keep similar hours. Hecklers are ignored at all times.

As this issue of TILTON TALK went to press the only list of the cast and backstage crew consisted of last names and Wards. We print these with the promise of a complete listing in our next issue when we review the show. The men include: DiMaria, Ward 30; Bondurant, Ward 66; DiPiano, Ward 34; Bazan, Ward 22; Hacker, Ward 32; Reinhardt, Ward 66; Bley, Ward 66; Winfield, Ward 66; Criss, Ward 24; Czletatko, Ward 66; Dustin, Ward 23; Hodges, Ward 27; Guiton, Ward 27; Skevitsky, Ward 8; Davis, Ward 39.

Five Wacs, members of the WAC Detachment at Tilton, have been lending considerable aid--and pulchritude--to the undertaking. They are: Cpl. Golda Blumberg, Cpl. Florence Johnston, and Pvt. Trudy Bailey, all of the Receiving and Disposition Office; and Cpl. Helen "Brownie" LoBello and Pvt. Tempest Peters of the Registrars Office.

"Hospital Daze" is a roaring travesty of hospital life that takes doctors, patients and nurses for a good-natured ride. No hospital ever existed like the one portrayed in the play, but many features will be readily recognized. The burlesque is broad, the satire gentle, the laughs and music frequent.

If "Hospital Daze" is the success it is expected to be, other General Hospitals throughout the country will adopt the project as a regular part of their curriculum. It should be a grand show.

The CHAPLAINS' CORNER

CHAPLAIN

THE U. S. IS NO PLACE FOR ATHEISTS

by Bernard J. Carlin

No atheist or materialist can be a complete, normal American. A citizen who denies God and an after-life rejects what is most fundamental in American Democracy. He does not accept that "all men are created" - let alone created "equal." He does not recognize the truth that "all men have been endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights." He delights in the rights and Privileges of an American, but he does not acknowledge the Divine foundations upon which they rest. In other words he selfishly scrapes all the frosting off the American cake. He is thereby unfair to his fellowmen, and himself only half a citizen.

Today it seems more urgent than ever to remember the roots of our rights and privileges as American citizens. It is important to keep not only in mind but in view the unchangeable fact that our rights do not spring from a charter or from a group of people, but from Him who made Human Nature, Almighty God Himself.

A denial of this Divine Source can only produce that strange individual, an "American atheist". It is about as easy to conceive of an "American atheist" as it is to conceive of a fat skeleton.

Schedule of Services

Roman Catholic - Sunday Masses - 6:15 and 8:30 a.m.

Weekday Masses - 6:00 p.m. Daily

Confessions - Saturday - 4:30 to 5:00 p.m.

7:30 to 8:30 p.m.

Jewish - Friday evening at 7:45 p.m.

Protestant - Sunday at 10:00 a.m.

Protestant Chaplain - Frederick C. Frommhagen

Catholic Chaplain - Bernard J. Carlin

Jewish Chaplain - Samuel N. Sherman

QUACK-QUACK

Congratulations are in order to our new promotees - Saxe, now wearing a gold leaf; Sherman, two bars, and Lipkin and Shea whose gold bars turned to silver. Each promotee duly contributed to the morale (is that what morale is) of his fellow officers at the Officers Lounge. It's been so long since we've had a promotion that we almost forgot how to act - or was that acting'.

* * *

(The thermometer is still arisin'
This heat is surely pizin')

* * *

Again we take time out to wish the best of luck and "happy landings" to our old friend "Ace", "Pappy" Dunlap whose name has come up. "Ace" has been with us since the very beginning of Tilton and it's hard to see him go. As he says, "the roots are deep". Good-luck to you "Pappy" and your place will always be awaitin' for you - 'cause no one can fill it.

* * *

(Oh, to be a glass of ice
You wouldn't last long, but it would be so nice)

* * *

The Turnbull's Farm is sporting a new member - a 30 pound snapping turtle drug up from the bottom by that mighty hunter and big game slayer, "Juice" Frediani. Thus has been solved the mystery of the "educated fish". They were just poor fish, after all.

* * *

(Oh, to be in Iceland now that August's here
To lie upon a cake of ice would fill me full of cheer)

* * *

Wouldn't it be funny if.....

Frediani suddenly became an obstetrician
And Si Katz took afternoons off to go fishin'?

* * *

As you can see.....

This temperature has made me fruity
So I feel it is my duty
To cease this drivel all
And pack myself in ice 'til fall.
(How about you ALL???????)

"DOC" DUCK

Poems Untitled

Hoarts with courage,
Feet of lead, -
Soldiers marched with
Souls that bled.....
Heartsick, weary,
Sad, toilworn,
Sometimes rueing
Being born!
Bravely onward,
Ever on!
To a goal that
Must be won, -
Fighting grimly,
For us here,
Living days
Dim and drear.....
Hoping, praying,
Someday, soon,
They'd be home
To love and spoon,
Luck, your due,
All of us
Are back of you!!

Sgt. John Bray

The stature of Hitler
Grows littler and littler,
While Tilton, we figger,
Gets bigger and bigger.

Benito and Tojo
Have bitten the dust;
Forge forward, ye medics,
To Berlin or bust.

Ye bed-pan commandos,
How noble thy toil!
How glorious the colors
Ye proudly unfoil.

How lovely the pills
Which daily ye roll;
Forge forward, ye medics
Your weapon the bowl!!

T/5 Pearl Jackson

SIDEFLIGHTS

ESKIMO SAYS CANDLES TASTE BETTER THAN SPAM: (Italy) - T/Sgt. Henry Kablun, the only GI Eskimo in Italy, likes Army food O.K., but he prefers the candles he used to eat back home in Alaska to K Rations and Spam.



"The only real good eating candle is one made from beef fat," says Kablun. "That's the greatest delicacy in the world except for seal blubber and the insides of a reindeer's stomach."

NAZI GENERALS DON'T FEEL VERY WELL :

(France) - Faced with defeats on every front in the war, German generals are suffering from a plague of "ill-health" that has swept the continent of Europe.

According to the latest reports, dozens of top Nazi field commanders have been relieved of their commands due, according to the Berlin Radio, to "ill-health."

GI CAPTURES JAP WITH AN EMPTY GUN : (Ledo Road) - An engineer was putting his rifle together after cleaning it when the head of a Jap popped from the tall grass along the river's edge. The engineer pointed his empty rifle at the Jap and started to holler. Instantly the Jap threw down his gun and surrendered.

ADMINISTRATIVE MEDICS SEEK 2,000 FOR OCS: (Washington) - The War Department has announced that within the next eight weeks, more than 2,000 men will be accepted for officer candidate courses in the Army's Medical Administrative Corps.

Applicants must have scored 110 or better in the Army General Classification test and must have had at least three months of continuous service immediately preceding enrollment in OCS, including completion of a course prescribed by a mobilization center.

\$2,837 A SECOND FOR WAR: (Washington) - The U.S. spent \$89,721,000,000 on war during the fiscal year that ended June 30, Treasury Department figures disclose. At that rate of spending, the war is costing the U.S. \$170,235 a minute, or \$2,837 a second.

WHEN IN DOUBT - DUNK! (Washington) - Biscuits are more dangerous than bombs to soldiers' teeth, according to a report published recently in the Army Journal. Dentists have reported that K rations impair more teeth than bomb concussions. And their advice to fighting men is - "dunk".

TASTY LITTLE NUMBER WARNS DRIVERS IN INDIA: (India) -

At a snaky intersection of the Ledo Road, a life sized figure of an alluring and curvaceous girl has been planted. Beside the figure is a sign with the inscription: "I want my soldier to come home, too. Watch those curves!"



Inquiring

QUESTION: WHAT WAS YOUR PRE-WAR EMPLOYMENT, AND DO YOU EXPECT TO RETURN TO YOUR OLD JOB AFTER THE WAR?

Sgt. Kenneth V. Myers (Chief Clerk in Quartermaster Office): I was a field investigator and auditor with the Internal Revenue Department in Newark, New Jersey, and will go back to that job.

Sgt. Leonard Marcus (Assistant to Sanitation Officer, accounting work, assorted odd jobs): I was a C.P.A. in civilian life, and had my own offices in Paterson and New York. My office is waiting for me when the war's over. By the way, I have a little boy 19 months old who is also waiting for me.

Pvt. Mary Brophy (Stenographer in Quartermaster Office): I used to be a typist in the purchasing department of Curtiss-Wright Corp. in Caldwell, New Jersey, but I want to set up housekeeping after the war, and never see a typewriter again.

Sgt. Vernon C. Hultz (Memorandum Receipt Clerk in Medical Supply Office): I was a sophomore at Addison High School, Addison, New Jersey, when I enlisted in the Army. I have gotten married and have a baby girl since joining the service. My ambition after the war is to be a singer of popular songs with a name band. I sang in many G.I. shows at Fort Ontario, New York, and was vocalist with the dance band there.

Pfc. Lester E. Jackson (Assistant Army mail clerk): I was formerly a salesman and service man with the Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Corporation in Richmond, Indiana, but after the war I hope to take a civil service examination and go into postal work permanently. I may learn enough about this kind of work in the army to pass such an examination.

Sgt. John Holzapfel (Sergeant Major): I was production manager and associate research director of the Ross Federal Research Corporation in New York City, and will probably return to the same job.

Sgt. John Witko (Sergeant of the Guard): I built equipment for textile printing, and will go back to it.

Tech/Sgt Robert G. Yaeger (NCO in charge of laboratory): I used to be a technician in Ward's Natural Science Establishment in Rochester, New York. My future plans depend upon how long the war lasts, but I definitely want to go back to school and study further in the field of science. I don't expect to go back to my old job.

Pfc. Murray Steckman (Ward Master - Ward 35): I had just entered New York University to study journalism when I was inducted. Some day I'm going into the advertising field. I'm taking a correspondence course in advertising while in the Army.

Pvt. Louis Canevari (Mail clerk and mimeograph operator - Message Center): I supervised a duplicating unit for the Army Air Corps in New York City. I'll go back to Civil Service after the war. I want something in the printing line. I'm doing the same kind of work in the army that I did as a civilian.

Pvt. Dorothy Bidek (File clerk, X-Ray Dept.): I worked in a drug store in Oakmont, Pa. I plan to get married after the war.

Reporter

(Tec/5 Pearl T. Jackson)

1st Lt. Bernard Klein (Assistant Chief, Laboratory Service): I was a chemist, Thank Heaven, working for the Hospital for Chronic Diseases in Brooklyn. I'm going right back to my old job after the war.

Pfc. Irving C. Dixon (Fireman): Before the war I was a sailor on the Great Lakes freight boats, but when it's all over, I'm going to work for the New York Central Railroad in Buffalo. My favorite saloon in Buffalo is Mack's Tavern. I love my wife. I'm out of circulation.

Cpl. Mae Meredith (Dispensary): I was a dental assistant in Jamestown, New York. Later I went to work in a defense plant inspecting roller bearings for aircraft. I'm going to get married after the war (to Sgt. Leslie Stewart, formerly of Tilton, now in England).

Cpl. Leonard W. Johnson (Classification clerk): Used to be a classification analyst for the War Department, Pentagon Building, Washington D.C. If the provisions of the G.I. Bill of Rights still apply after the war, I'm going back to school to study business and personnel administration.

Pfc. Mildred Butcher (Mess attendant, Patients' Mess): I was a conveyor operator in a bakery in Buffalo. After the war, the first thing I'm going to do is to take life easy for a while, and have a good rest. After that I haven't any idea what I'll be doing.

T/4 Mittie Nation (X-Ray technician): I was a graduate nurse in the State Hospital, San Angelo, Texas. For a while I supervised the attendants at the Austin State School. After the war I'm going into some kind of medical work, but I'm not sure about the details yet.

T/5 Golda Blumberg (Admitting clerk, R. & D. Office): I worked in a pharmaceutical laboratory in Pearl River, New York, and will probably return to the same line after the war, but it depends upon the circumstances.

Pvt. Rita Stilley (Librarian's Assistant): I worked in a pants factory making G.I. pants. Would like to work in a library or bookstore after the war.

Pvt. Ruth G. Sullivan (Miscellaneous procurement for the mess halls): Did secretarial work in Washington, D. C. for a variety of establishments, including the Red Cross, Civil Service, British Information Service, Etc. After the war I want to be a housekeeper. Yes, I have someone definitely in mind. (Could she possibly mean a certain well-known maestro of the accordion at Tilton?)

Pfc. George R. McConaghay, Jr. (Stock clerk, Quartermaster): I was a shipping clerk at the Dutchess Bleacherie's, Poughkeepsie, New York. Expect to do shipping and freight work after the war, too, but not necessarily with the same company.

Pvt. Phoebe Hoffman (Clerk typist, Medical Supply): Worked as typist with Metropolitan Life in New York City. I plan to get married after the war, but may return to my old job for a while until my fiance returns from overseas.

(Suggestions for questions to be used in future "Inquiring Reporter" columns will be welcomed).



This crossword puzzle was devised by the staff and involves Tilton General Hospital in its words to a certain extent. It is not difficult, but we are certain that regular readers of the New York Herald-Tribune would have difficulty solving it. Start anywhere, and you should finish within 23 minutes.

THE PUZZLE

Horizontal

1. cleaning bar
4. whattevery pvt. yearns for
9. hospital (abbr.)
13. ornamental vase
14. flat ring
15. not in
17. beverage
18. pvt. in utilities
19. flavor
20. challenge
22. by
23. one who bongs
25. dentists and sgts. do it
27. where Eve done Adam wrong
29. wiped away
31. w here the grape grows
33. real stiff
35. the potatoes we roasted over
bonfires as kids
36. Public Relations Officer, Trans-
portation Officer, Ass't. Quarter-
master Officer, etc.
37. one who lives in Yauco
39. man's na me
40. to quit the service on your own
authority
41. Registered Nurse
42. automobile
44. deadly serpent
45. street (abbr.)
46. revolve
47. saucy
50. absent without official leave
51. Egyptian sun god
52. slang for jail
55. command
57. extremely non-hirsute
59. spills
61. metal-bearing vein
62. pertaining to the teeth
64. makes lace edging
65. the fifth wheel
67. river in South America
69. Neuropsychiatry
71. fat
72. island in the Hebrides
73. third cousin, once removed, to
Frobisch
74. period of time
76. a female
77. what you won't need to frighten
your kids with
78. lair
79. misplaced
80. detachment commander
81. things you row with

Vertical

1. is performed in the operating
room
2. raw iron
3. article
4. where you practise shooting
5. vexes
6. top trombonist-orchestra leader
(initials)
7. acquiesced
8. someone who keeps an eye on you
10. Occupational Therapy
11. what you see when you get shipped
over
12. one being treated at the hos-
pital
14. anathematize
16. three (prefix)
19. bracing
21. sprites
23. started
24. forcible violation (!)
26. covers inside of

2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
		14			15		16		17	
		18			19		20		21	22
		23			24		25		26	
		28		29	30		31		32	
		34		35			36			
		38		39			40			
		42		43			44		45	
		46					47		48	
		50			51		52		53	54
		56		57		58	59		60	
		63		64		65	66	67	68	
		71			72				73	
		75		76		77			78	
		80						81		

28. daily persona l history	46. cleans with broom	60. Physical Therapy
30. by-product of soap and water	48. our institution	62. vision
32. where it is cold	49. our C.O.'s rank	63. Tilton photographer
34. physician	50. joins	66. this month (abbr.)
36. courage	51. raced	68. Zeta Alpha Epsilon
38. finger ornament	53. chestnut horse	70. Public Relations Office
40. accomplishes	54. puts on the job	73. above (poetic)
43. railroad	56. Reconditioning Off.	75. like
44. if you think of something to fit this, please let us know	57. coleopterous insect	77. bone
	58. to injure	78. yes (Russian)

MR R.B. HENON!

In browsing through back issues of TILTON TALK we noticed that many of the officers on the staff have been limned. There were, however, several glaring omissions. Not a whit could we find about the Assistant Quartermaster Officer, the Security Intelligence Officer, the Public Relations Officer, the Motor Transport Officer, the Bomb Reconnaissance Officer, the Chemical Warfare Officer, the Mileage Administrator, and the Ward Officer of Ward 23. This, then, is a piece about him! Not them, mind you, but him.

In fact, Captain Paul Bentley Henon, the man who holds all the above positions, is our nomination for the most prolific officer in the United States Army today. Holding a varied collection of titles is nothing new to the Captain. When he was assigned to Tilton General Hospital back in March of 1941 he reported for duty on the afternoon of the day specified in his orders. At three o'clock Col. Turnbull, Commanding Officer, informed him that he had fallen heir to the posts of Quartermaster Officer, Utilities Officer, Fire Marshall and Motor Transport Officer. Captain Henon nodded. At five o'clock he put down his fountain pen, reached for his jacket, and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Col. Turnbull.

"To Philadelphia, sir."

"What for?"

"Just a visit."

He never did get to Philadelphia that evening, but you get the idea. No assignment can faze the intrepid captain. The reason for this, perhaps, may be found in his background.

Paul Henon was born in Philadelphia, September 1, 1913, and received his grade school education in the public schools of that city. Then Mr. and Mrs. Henon whisked Paul down to Fishbourne Military Academy in Virginia where the lad received his first taste of military life. Four years later he returned to Philadelphia to study architecture at Drexel Institute.

When he felt that he had been sufficiently exposed to formal education, he moved into his dad's contracting business and went to work as an outside man. The Henons, father and son, built some of the more magnificent edifices in the eastern part of the United States and in South America. The Mastbaum Theater in Philadelphia, for example, is a product of the firm's genius, and you can only appreciate the magnificence of this if you have ever probed the interior of this colossus of the cinema. In our estimation, it ranks only behind the Music Hall in New York.

It was during this period that Captain Henon undoubtedly developed his ability to meet emergencies and take unusual assignments in stride. As outside man on large contracting orders in various sections of this country and

South America, anything may happen and usually does. The firm was erecting a building for an asylum when a well dressed man strolled up to the sub-contractor. The latter, who was expecting the superintendent, followed the man around and spent the afternoon learning of the many plans for the building. At the end of the day he turned to the man.

"Can I give you a lift into town?" he asked.

"No," the inmate replied wistfully, "they won't let me out of here."

Long before the war broke out, Captain Henon, who was a reserve officer, was called up for duty at the Army Medical Center in Washington. He applied for overseas duty and when given his choice of Alaska or the Phillipines, he chose the latter. Some time later his orders finally arrived--sending him to Fort Dix! The captain has been here ever since, having been a member of the 16 original officers of the Filton General Hospital staff. His titles have ranged from Assistant Post Engineer to Chemical Warfare Officer to Ward Officer of Ward 23. When you ask him for a list of them, he adjusts his glasses with a quick, nervous gesture, gazes toward the ceiling, and tries desperately to remember all of them. Most of them, he admits, are little more than "nuisance jobs."

In 1939 the captain married the former Marjorie Van Felt of New Hope, Pa.. They have one daughter, Penny, and expect another package of small change in the near future. The Henons reside in Jobstown where the captain's avocation, if one is permitted the luxury in wartime, is farmer. In his rare moments of leisure, the captain looks forward to the hunting season when he can go after ducks and pheasants.

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS IN LAST ISSUE

I. Draw four straight lines through the nine dots without retracing any line or lifting pencil from paper.

ANS.



II. Construct four equilateral triangles with six matchsticks.

ANS.

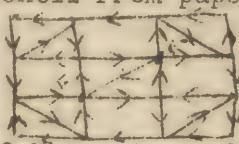
Tetrahedron



(solid figure)

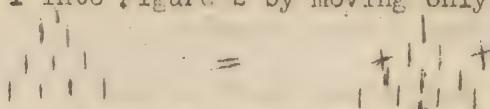
III. Trace figure without lifting pencil from paper or retracing any line.

ANS.



IV. Transform Figure 1 into Figure 2 by moving only three matchsticks.

ANS.



V. How can you bring up from a river exactly 6 quarts of water when you have only a 4-quart and a 9-quart pail with which to measure?

ANS.: Dump 9 into 4, leaving 5

Dump 5 into 4, leaving 1

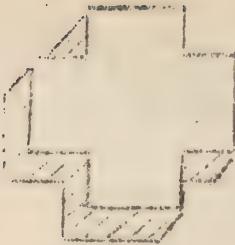
Dump 9 into 4 (already has 1), leaving 6

VI. A group of ducks came swimming down the pond. There were two ducks in front of two ducks; two ducks behind two ducks; and two ducks in the middle. What is the smallest number of ducks there could have been?

ANS.: Four ducks.

X
X
X
X

Were you stumped?



RED CROSS NEWS

MEMO TO PATIENTS

We're here again to say "hello",
We hope you're feeling better,
We thought this time we'd try to put
A rhyme into our letter.

We've lots of news of places and people
We'd like to tell you all,
A new A.F.D. has come to live
In Tilton Headquarters Hall.

Her name is Catherine Wobus;
We wish her all good things,
And the same to Jean Nussbaum,
Who'll lead our Community Sings.

Jean's very new at Red Cross,
We're happy to have her here,
And also Catherine Dawson,
Whose "you-awl" is something to hear!

Miss Dawson's a Social Worker,
Who is here with us awhile;
She's living at Building #2
And she'll help you with a smile.

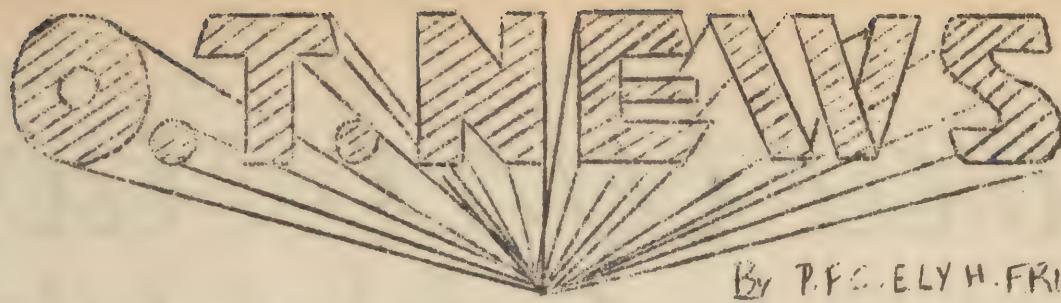
Have you met our Social Service Staff?
Can they help you in any way?
You'll find that they're on duty
Twenty four hours in every day.

And now, what about your weekends?
If ever you're free at all,
We'll arrange for you to visit
In a home either large or small.

Or, if it's just a trip you'd like,
We've plans for a Country Club Day;
We've also arranged for the races and golf,
We try to please you every way!

In the Rec Hall there's always something new,
A party, or girls, or maybe a show,
A movie - a game - whatever you like,
If you've a request just let us know.

We're grateful to you for listening,
Our rhyme is very poor,
But believe us, we're "all out" for you,
Of that you may be sure!



NEWS

By PFC ELY H. FRIEDMAN

Good news for "chow-hounds".--The Detachment Mess Hall will soon be adorned with window valances and colorful curtains. The valances are in the process right now at the shop and will be furnished soon.

The mural in the Red Cross Recreation Hall looks good and adds much color to the hall. It is a scene depicting activity at Occupational Therapy (plug).

Many thanks to the guys over at Utilities for their splendid co-operation. To mention a few, Pvt. Salvatore Re, S/Sgt. F. Edward Tomlinson, Steve Skoda, Henry Becker, Caleb Loveman, and the others, we say your help has been invaluable.

Fred Hart, Ward 6, has spent the last week in the doghouse. The product?--A couple of fine Scotties. They're swell for the home, especially since they are completely "house-broken."

James Sargent, Ward 34, has come in for quite a bit of domesticity lately. His deeds with the ironing board and iron make those GI uniforms look swell. Wonder whether he can cook, too?

Sgt. Mae Nally, one of our woodcraft instructors, has become a patient herself. We all hope she comes back soon to carry on with her splendid work....Doris Hadley and Liz Cannon have been giggling lately....wonder why?

Cpl. Ernest Phillips, the "boat man", claims he's a patient at O.T., but they're keeping it a secret from him.

Some 10,000 running feet of lumber, including walnut, pine, oak, and other types of wood, are just waiting to be turned into some nice projects. Yes, indeed! We really can go to town with lumber now.

Tilton's Farm has at this writing already yielded 91 1/2 bushels of produce. The total yield will no doubt be many times that, as we still have most of the picking to do.

Actual facts

by Tec/5 Pearl J. Jackson

From G.I., throats these broiling days,
You'll hear this dirge arise:
"It ain't the heat that's got us down,
But buddy, it's them flies."

Having decided to conduct a private investigation into the poison ivy situation here at Tilton, we inquired of numerous victims of this itchy affliction where they came into contact with the dread weed. The universal reaction to this scientific question was a smirk and a guilty titter, accompanied by a shy lowering of the eyes. That goes on, anyway?

Charlie "Booby-trap" Dalton returned from a recent delay en route with sufficient paraphernalia to equip a new warehouse (and we'll make this one "Warehouse No. 6), including a radio, a phonograph, a public address outfit, his own personal business cards, a bell, ant traps, etc. Life will become increasingly perilous for Charlie's buddies in the tent area, methinks.

TOP*KICK DEPARTMENT: Sgt. Keppel treated the Wac Detachment to a bushel of peaches last week. Same peaches disappeared into the mysterious depths of 150-odd Wac stomachs with unprecedented rapidity.

Over on the other side of the great divide, Sgt. Mike McCarroll presented a glamourous picture one balmy evening last week when he washed his windows attired in naught but his G.I. shorts. Don'tcha know ratings are frozen, Sarge? No use buckin'. These are lean years in the stripe department.

Lorenzo's Restaurant in Trenton was the scene of a gala birthday party Friday evening in honor of Cpl. Doris Massam. Steaks were consumed with gusto, regardless of the sweltering temperature. Doris was proudly escorted by Danny Crecca, which proves that Danny's excellent powers of discrimination extend in many directions. Crecca's trusty side-kick (yeah, Becker) took Adleen Cobb, and Sgt. Schmidt was most attentive to Flo Van Amber.

And as long as we've mentioned Sgt. Schmidt, we may as well tell you that one of Tilton's nurses compares Schmitty to Mrs. Roosevelt because "he's liable to turn up in the darnedest places." We're sure there's a good story behind that candid observation, but you'll have to get it straight from our hero.

MARITAL BLISS DEPARTMENT: Still another "All-Tilton" wedding. This time it's Pvt. Sarah Gibbs and Pvt. Harold Hargesheimer, who became one on August 12th. Both are on Surgical Service, therefore both come under the supervision of that indomitable boss-man, Sgt. Pels. Pels proved to the happy couple that his heart is as big as his feet, however, for he bestowed upon them a six-hour pass for their honeymoon. In the same generous spirit, he saw to it that both passes were made out for the same time, enabling the newlyweds to spend the six hours together. Well, Einstein tells us that time is relative, but to the realist, six hours is six hours. Good luck to you, Ppts. Harold and Sarah Hargesheimer. Pels promises another pass on your first anniversary.

Sgt. Bray is consumed with jealousy over the attention paid to Mac, the little black cocker. The feeling seems to be mutual, and has now reached feud proportions, especially in the mess hall, where Bray is determined to bark louder than Mac, and vice-versa. Come now, boys, we're all in this thing together.

The boys and girls of the E.E.N.T. Clinic recently enjoyed the hospitality of Capt. Conley at his Spring Lake cottage, where they were refreshed by a dip in the ocean and a spaghetti supper, far from the cares of Tilton and throat-swabbing. So quickly did the hours fly that they missed the last bus back, whereupon the obliging host packed them into his car and drove them safely back to the salt mines.

Cpl. Vonderlippe and Pfc. Merritt dropped approximately 25 pounds apiece during their recent course at Camp Grant. Fifty pounds of good M.P. beef gone the way of all flesh.

Another romance to blossom in the P.X. is that of Cpl. Ives and "T/7" Rupert McDonald. There's something about the soft, mellow, exotic atmosphere of the place that fosters romance and young love, don't you think? Ask Polly Johnston and Joe Canarelli. Joe's over there with the 1260th these days.

Sgt. Ruth Hasko has a San Francisco A.P.O., and Pvt. Mary Lou Thorpe is now at Oglethorpe,--both ex-Tilton Wacs. Two more of our former members, Sgts. Lesser and Harris, write us from England that they eagerly pore over Tilton Talk, which reaches them regularly.

There are many farewells. "Buddy" Saavedra was transferred to California, Ruth Hammond is awaiting orders for overseas training, and Gerry Speigler and Anne Ireland departed for Fort Sam Houston, Texas, where they'll take a course in re-cruiting. Bon voyage, etc.

We've wanted to mention him for a long time, but just never got around to it, so at long last, hats off to the most colorful figure of the ramp contingent, "Pop" Combs. Pop's friendly smile and homespun philosophy are always as welcome as a 3-day pass and warming as a Zombie. Very little of the local gossip misses Pvt. Combs who is as informative as an encyclopedia on happenings round and about TGH.

HUMBLE APOLOGY DEPARTMENT: We regret that in our last issue we printed the outrageous lie to the effect that Pvt. Jake Silverstein shed tears at the showing of "White Cliffs of Dover" at Theatre #3. Pvt. Silverstein has entered his indignant protest, and vows that he never even saw the picture, and where do we get our nerve anyway? Be a good fellow, Jake, and forgive us. Must have been another G.I. who looked like you, the lucky devil.

Looks like we won't get our swimming pool, but it was a good idea--the stuff dreams are made of. The campaign is underway now for an ice-hockey field this winter, which should give Pvt. Friedman an idea for another cartoon. While we're down in the O.T. Department, who's the lovely civilian who daily shares a dish of ice cream with Cpl. Ernie Phillips?

French braids are currently the thing in the WAC detachment. Our own "Alabama" has mastered the art.

A mint julep we would like to sip
On a cool Vermont veranda;
We'll invade the T.G.H. P.X. instead--
Pass the pepsi to us, Miranda.



by

Lieut. Elizabeth M. Koenig

RAIN, RAIN, AND MORE RAIN.

When the A.N.G. plans a dance, they have it, comes "you know what" and high water. Wednesday, August 2nd, was definitely a wet night, but nothing daunted the Nurses and their guests. Tilton Officers' Lounge was a gay place with carefree people tripping the light fantastic to the strains of the soft music of Tilton's popular orchestra. Lieut. Ethel Klobasicky, the chairman, flitted here and there introducing people, and everyone agreed it was nice to have such a charming hostess. Sgt. Temple, of the WAC, did a bang-up job on the refreshments and every man there wanted her telephone number.

Lieut. Edna Wood writes from Atlantic City where she is sojourning and taking Basuc training. She's having a hard life on the boardwalks. Yeah...

Tilton General Hospital welcomes Lieut. Rose K. Starr, formerly of the First Evacuation Hospital, somewhere in New Guinea.

In April, 1942, Lieut. Starr, along with other members of her group, set sail for an unknown destination, and one month later landed in Australia. After six days of dry land she boarded another boat and find herself climbing down a gang plank shortly thereafter at a spot where a bush hospital was set up. Patients came and everyone will remember the Coral Sea Casualties. In January '43, another boat ride; this time to New Guinea, and at that time it was a nice place to be from. Lieut. Starr witnessed the famous daylight raids of Fort Moresby and like everyone else counted the Zeros with a funny feeling. After a while it became a daily annoyance to grab a helmet and run, and once she neglected to carry her tin hat. She debated with herself whether to go back for it, but her mind was made up for her by the Ack Ack's. The Japs were over head again...Lieut. Starr praises our girls for their woolness and concern for patients in such raids, and relates that often in such emergencies, the nurses remained inside the hospital tents with bed patients unable to be evacuated. In such instances tension was relieved by cheering and yelling when enemy planes fell...In September '43, she moved again, this time to be one of the first American nurses to fly over the Owen Stanely Range to the famous other side of New Guinea. October brought a surprise - her nephew, a veteran of the first Marine Corps Division, arrived in her location, allowing her first hand information of her family. In December her unit received the coveted Presidential Citation for Distinguished Services. January '44 brought relief. Sydney, Australia, was the next step, a move to give the fine kids a rest and relaxation -- , a funny thing after all the excitement -- , and darn, if they didn't want to go back to the scrub. Somehow the outfit remained near Sydney until June '44, from where she boarded another boat and her next port of call was the U.S.

We are happy to have Lieut. Starr with us and can't help wondering what she thinks of quiet New Jersey after her strange Odyssey.

The Gentle Arts

The movie fare sent our way so far this year has been, in this reviewer's humble opinion, below par. But that brings up the question, What is par? Everyone, no doubt, is familiar with the old wheeze about the traveler who asked the porter what sort of tip he usually got. Oh, said the Pullman Farrah, I average one dollar. The traveler gave him a dollar and the porter beamed. This is the first time in three years, he said, that I've hit my average.

And so it goes with the films. Probably the best indication of the deterioration of the later cinema product is the fact that most of the studios are re-releasing their better pictures of past years. They are playing the first-run theaters around the country and in many cases out-grossing the brand new films being released.

However, motion pictures are still a grand form of entertainment and besides the theaters are usually air conditioned. (A good cooling unit probably brings in more patrons than Lana Turner.) So here are a few films that should hold your interest for a couple of hours anyhow:

On the top of the list goes Preston Sturges' "Hail the Conquering Hero", a wonderful bit of spoofing that pokes fun at the American penchant for overwhelming war heroes with idolatry. Eddie Bracken gives another priceless performance as the "hero" and William Demarest is fast becoming our favorite character comedian. You may remember Demarest as Mr. Kockenlocker, the policeman, in "The Miracle of Morgan Creek."

Number two is the delightful fantasy, "The Canterville Ghost," in which Charlie Laughton disports as the shadowy creature. That amazing youngster, Margaret O'Brien co-stars with Mr. Laughton and Robert Young and there is a good supporting cast. The picture is somewhat reminiscent of "The Ghost Goes West" of several years ago. Not bad, though.

Third on the list is the film version of Pearl Buck's novel about China, "Dragon Seed." Katherine Hepburn plays the lead in this and after you get accustomed to her and the rest of the cast as "Chinese", you'll enjoy it immensely. Akim Tamiroff, the Russian actor, plays one of the roles in the picture and the New York Times described his attempt at Chinese as sounding like a "gefulte fish smacked against a temple gong." The picture has merit nevertheless.

Among the also-rans we give you "Janie," "Christmas Holiday," "Once Upon A Time," and the inimitable "Going My Way."

If you would like an outstanding radio parlay, listen to "Words at War" every Tuesday night from 9:30 to 10:00 over the National Broadcasting Company, and then switch over to CBS for a half hour of Norman Corwin. Those are the two finest dramatic shows on the air today and represent the work of the two top directors in radio, Norman Corwin and Anton M. Leader.

Any of us who get into New York on our week-end off are eligible to free theater tickets at the 99 Park Avenue USO. If you've never seen a legitimate Broadway play, this is your big chance and there are a few that are worth standing for. "Carmen Jones", "Follow the Girls", "Oklahoma" and "One Touch of Venus" (with Mary Martin) top the musicals. The comedies you'll like are "Jacobowsky and the Colonel", "Chicken Every Sunday", "Life with Father", "Ten Little Indians" and "The Voice of the Turtle." The two top dramatic shows are "Angel Street" and "The Seafaring Wind."



NEVER MET . . . the General by W. G. Palca

One of the file clerks among the Remington Rangers at Tilton reveals an interesting bit of information for which we invite you to write your own caption. He informs us that in his file cabinet, the thinnest folder it contains is the one labeled: "Promotions for Enlisted Men."

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One of the master sergeants in our last outfit was Ezra Stone, of Henry Aldrich radio fame. Ezra one day told us the story of the first hit show he appeared in. The critics gave young Stone rave notices for his Broadway debut and the producer of the show decided the next afternoon that Ezra's name should go up in lights. That night Ezra hurried down to the theater and almost cried with disappointment when he didn't see his name on the marquee. He rushed backstage and was told by the company electrician that they didn't have the letter "Z" for Ezra's name and wouldn't receive it for several days. That did not satisfy the youthful actor. He raced out of the theater, down the side street and up Broadway to the Capitol Theater. "Where's the manager?" he puffed to a man in the box office. "I'm the manager," the latter replied. Ezra explained his predicament quickly. "Well, Ezra, what can I do for you?" the manager asked. . . . "Don't you remember the picture you played last week?" Ezra screeched. . . . "Yes, it was 'The Wizard of Oz'." "Well," Ezra beseeched, "can you lend me a couple of those 'Z's?!" Twenty minutes later Ezra Stone's name blazed in lights over Broadway for the first time.

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In a genial mood, brought on by the good news in the headlines these days, we predict that the Germans will collapse completely on November 9, 1944. The reason? Well, some significant events in recent German history have occurred on that date. November 9, 1918, marked the final expulsion of Kaiser Wilholt and the founding of the ill-fated Third Reich. November 9, 1923, following the unsuccessful Munich beer hall putsch earlier that year, Adolph Hitler was captured by the German police after he had been in hiding for nine months. On November 9, 1941, Hitler decreed the burning of all synagogues in Germany. November 9, this year, will mark the end. Any other date, of course, will do as well. . . . In the interests of security, the Army grades all printed matter according to its importance. The gradings are: restricted, confidential, secret, very secret, and ssshhh!

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One of the soldiers in the detachment, a graduate of Columbia University (where he majored in English), was reading Carl Sandburg's The War Years the other day 'neath the shade of the old day-room tree. Another private walked over. "Wotcha readin'?" he asked. . . . "A life of Abraham Lincoln," the Columbia man answered. . . . "Say, he's dead," the second pvt. remembered. . . . "I know," said the reader, "but I find the book interesting just the same." The intruder thought about that for a minute. "I could tell you how he died," he said finally, "but I don't want to spoil the ending for you."

Our nomination for the most ludicrous motion picture title of the year--"Abroad With Two Yanks"....We asked Heinz Gluckauf what it was like in Germany during the last war. He told us he was a lower-grade student in Berlin at the time and all he remembers of it is that the children had a day off from school every week or so to celebrate some "great victory" achieved by the Germany Army at the front. This continued right up to November 11, 1918, when the children were informed of the final defeat. "We couldn't understand it," said Heinz. "We seemed to celebrate victories until we were thoroughly defeated."....Pvt. Gluckauf also relays to us an answer that the philosopher Spinoza found to a question we ask today, why do Americans not hate enough? Says Spinoza: "To hate is to acknowledge our inferiority and our fear; we do not hate a foe whom we are confident we can overcome."

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There has always been a tendency to speak disparagingly of young men who are not in uniform during a war. There are instances of near-riots that occurred in New York, Boston, Chicago, etc., in 1917-18 and this time it hasn't been any different. We had dinner in a restaurant recently with a friend who has more things wrong with him than right. The fellow is a walking apothecary and is forever popping pills into his mouth. He tried to donate blood to the Red Cross Blood Bank. The nurse took a sample and then said to him, "When we need warm water, we'll be sure to call you."....Seriously, though, he happened to ask the waitress for something while we were in the restaurant and she turned on him with all the venom of woman. "Don't you know there's a war on?" she screamed. "No," she said, looking at his suit, "I guess you wouldn't!" and on and on until he wanted to crawl in a hole and pull the cover over him. It was pitiful--and entirely uncalled for. The fellow is in show business and gives more than generously of his time for war work without pay. We feel certain he does a lot more than the waitress in question but she did a fine job nevertheless of completely shaming him. She undoubtedly slept particularly well that night.

&

We mentioned the above because a similar circumstance seems to have arisen right here in the service. Again it involves a woman. Pvt. Leo Raskin, a member of our Detachment, was badly wounded during the fighting in Africa. Although still not entirely well, he is able to work among us. Yet the other day, right here at the hospital, a woman who had no knowledge of his background referred to him tauntingly as a "bed pan commando."....In this case, just as in the other, the victims of the feminine vitriol were entirely blameless. But nonetheless such action is abominable. We are all doing what is asked of us and there are proper authorities to judge where a man is best fit for service, or not fit for ~~any~~ at all. Why are these women (or men) to set themselves up as judges of their fellow men? Let us dispense with that, please.

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In a short while this reporter will celebrate his second anniversary as a private first class. It was back in '42 that we zoomed up from buck private to Pfc. We like to refer to the rating as a millstone in our career....If there are any artists, writers, humorists, mimeographers, or letterers among the patients or members of the Detachment, please get in touch with us at Warehouse 5. Our telephone number is 24250 and we have an earnest desire to improve the appearance and material of TILTON TALK as much as possible. (Voice from the Balcony: "Brother, you need it!") So give us a buzz or drop in and see us when you have the time. You are welcome at all times.



The Mail-Sack

In accordance with a request of the War Department, the curtailment of Registry Service for Army personnel are hereby rescinded and the following substituted:

Letters or packages containing money or other articles addressed to persons receiving mail through A.P.O.'s outside the continental limits of the United States will be refused registration except for the following:

- (a) Valuable or important papers.
- (b) Small articles of intrinsic value. (These registered articles must be sealed and bear the first-class rate of postage for overseas shipment in parcels weighing not more than eight ounces, and the mailing--not registration--thereof must be specifically requested by the addressees.) The registration authorized is intended to cover the mailing of such items as watches, eye glasses or fountain pens, especially desired and not readily available overseas.

No matter addressed to members of the Army or other persons receiving mail through A.P.O.'s overseas shall be accepted as insured.

During the period September 15 to October 15, 1944, inclusive, the requirement of a request is waived when accepting for registration parcels addressed to overseas A.P.O.'s containing small articles of intrinsic value, sealed and bearing first-class rate of postage.

It is not advisable to inclose currency in any letters to overseas A.P.O.'s. The use of money orders service for remittances is recommended.

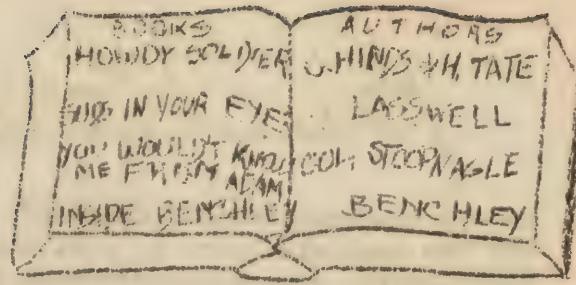
Sgt. John E. Bray

A member of the Detachment went on a D.S. trip last week and ate a long dinner in the Pullman diner. At what seemed the conclusion of the meal the waiter brought finger bowls and the perplexed G.I. looked at them in bewilderment. The patient was equally mystified. "You don't drink it," he surmised, "or they would have put it in cups." The attendant nodded. They wondered a bit longer and at last decided to ask the waiter.

"Oh that," said the latter. "You dip your fingers in it and then dry yourself with the napkin."

As the waiter walked away the GI shook his head knowingly. "See," he pointed out to the patient, "you ask a silly question, you get a silly answer."

Library Notes



We have come to the conclusion after circulating more than 4000 books during July that people like to read. A lot of books are read and read and a lot more seem to spend most of their time resting. This being a hospital, we are all in favor of people and things getting plenty of rest, but having talked the situation over with a few of the resting books we have decided that it can sometimes be too much of a good thing. For instance, last nite when I was chewing the fat with Lilly Belle, she did nothing but complain and complain. "Now, look," she said, "I and work wasn't made for each other, but this restin' and restin' ain't what it's cracked up to be. I'm sure I don't know what I'd do if Horner was to come by after me telling him about all the hylarious times I've had 'n' everythin'. Here I set yellin' HOWDY, SOLDIER jest as loud as I can to help Uncle Sam keep up the Army's morality and that's all the good it does me. Maybe I'm makin' a fox pass or somethin', but I'm plumb wore out with settin', an' unless somethin' happens soon I'm goin' go pluck my fun where I find it."

About that time, Mrs. Feeley, the SUDS IN YOUR EYE gal, spoke up, "You don't know how lucky you are, dear. My! If I could just set a spell! Friendship and understanding hearts is what counts, but blow me down and call me Shorty, this popularity is goin' to be the ruin of me yet. My nerves is gonna be in high-sterics if I don't have a breather before long. I'm not what you would call physically tired; I'm just pooped."

Col. Speaknagle, of YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ME FROM ADAM fame, Stoopling, "It seems to me that what you women need is something on the order of my 'rat trap with a padlock on the door for women who hate to remove dead rats from a rat trap'. You, Belle Lilly, would do well, if I can be so modest as to say so, to look into my 'Nothing, Line and Sinker, or in other words, fishing tackle without any hook at all, for fishing where there's a sign which says: NO FISHING HERE.'"

"My dear ladies," says Robert Benchley, "It's quite certain that sheep never get enough sleep and bees get a bit too much. But if I can be excused for putting in my two bits I might be so bold as to say with all due regard to the sagacity of our dear friend Col. Stoopnagle, he is a relative newcomer to our shelves and a true epitome of immodesty. Now take an old hand at the game like myself. (You have something INSIDE BENCHLEY.) First, you're busy and can rest and then you aren't busy and can't rest. Never be discouraged by a seemingly insurmountable tide of popularity. On the other hand, never allow yourself to become too encouraged by a prolonged period of inactivity. In other words, take the 'newt, although one of the smallest of our North American animals, it has an extremely happy home-life. It is just one of those facts which never get bruited about!"

practically anything

One of the most comforting proofs that it's a small world after all and that people are the same all over, is a GI newspaper called "Zero Beat" which the "Tilton Talk" office gets regularly each week from East Africa. Specifically where it is published we can't say because we don't know, but it gets here about a week after publication date. And the contents of it are just like those of any other GI paper - an editorial on getting out the vote, an enlisted men's gossip column, news about the East African bowling tournament, a plug for USAFI, wishful thinking about furloughs five years long, general GI news, schedules of movies and other recreational activites, humor and "Buy War Bond" reminders. The only way in which it differs from a paper that would be published in the U.S. is that it recently increased in size - there must be no paper shortage in East Africa - while here they generally tend to decrease. After all, there have to be some advantages to compensate for being so far from home.

Fort Dix, with the help of a Tilton WAC, is now on the way to undying Army fame. The all-GI show "Hi, Yank!" which was presented to a special audience of New York critics and important officials from Washington on Monday night, 7 August, at Theatre 5, is going to be polished up and the script sent all over the world wherever any American troops are stationed. Fort Dix had the honor of being the guinea pig, so to speak, since the very first performance was given here..... The Tilton WAC who had an important part in it is Pfc. Suzie Brown who danced in a striking number called "Report from the Caribbean." Pfc. Suzie works in the postoffice here and never danced before.

We have finally decided that a good business to get into just before the end of the war is the manufacture of men's clothing. What brought about this brainstrom was a meeting with an officer who had been separated from the Army after three years of service, two of them overseas. When we saw him he had been officially a civilian for several weeks but was still wearing pinks because his civilian clothes no longer fit him. That meant he needed a completely new wardrobe. There will, undoubtedly, be an awful lot of soldiers in exactly the same spot comes the lovely day when we can all go home again, and if men are at all like women in their reactions, there will also be quite a few who will want to go out and buy new things just for the hell of it. Any backers in this enterprise, or would-be partners with good financial standing, just communicate with the T T office.

Speed seems to be the Army's middle name. Less than three weeks after the D-Day landings, the first issue of "The Stars and Stripes" was published in Carentan, in Normandy. The delivery of the papers was effected by the most convenient means of transportation - a balky, long-haired mule! But the papers got there.

In a moment of magnanimity we share with all an item found in "The Rattler", put out at the Rattlesnake Army Air Field, Pecos, Texas:

The clerks who handle allotment applications of servicemen and their wives to the War Department get plenty of laughs without going to the movies. Here are a few of the quotes collected in recent weeks: - "Please send my elopement as I have a four-months old baby and he is my sole support, and I need all I can get every day to buy him food and keep him in close."...."Sir, I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my two children. One is a mistake as you can see."...."Please send my wife's form to fill out."...."Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and baby."...."This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?"

Bouquets go to Miss Ryan, chief clerk in Civilian Personnel, who recently received a letter of commendation from Colonel S. Jay Turnbull on the excellent work she and the rest of her co-workers have done in the hospital. And she really deserves them because a great deal of the work done by the civilian personnel office is accomplished under pressure. Preparations for payday always mean long and late hours for Miss Ryan and her staff, but not once have they failed to be ready on time.

A fascinating sight which may be old stuff to some of you inveterate New Yorkers, but which held us spellbound, was a restaurant door which opened automatically on the electric seeing-eye principle. We had complained, but not aloud, when shown to a table near the kitchen in a rather busy eating place. The complaints disappeared quickly, however, when we noticed that door. Waiters would come up to it laden with trays and instead of turning sideways so that they could push it open with an elbow or a hip, or just kicking it open, it swung wide and they marched right through. They might almost have been a victorious procession if they weren't so busy that they had not time to assume dignified expressions and a measured gait.

There is something very heartwarming about a visit to a blood bank. Several weeks ago the Red Cross had a campaign to enlist blood donors from all over the camp, the donations to be given on three days, August 9, 10 and 11. The volunteers were so numerous, though, that not all of them could be accommodated, and many were told that the next time the blood bank comes to Dix they will be called on first. We got there - to the Post Surgeon's Building - on the afternoon of the second day and the place looked almost like an assembly line. There were dozens of Red Cross workers filling out forms, taking temperatures, testing blood, checking blood pressure, offering fruit juices to the donors and generally being helpful. And there were long lines of those donors. They were enlisted men, officers, civilian office workers and men who had come directly from their labors without even taking time off to clean up. Every body was anxious to give and to waste no time in the giving. It was all voluntary and matter-of-fact. Nobody felt like a hero for what he was doing; nobody felt he was doing more than his share. All knew that blood plasma was needed, so they came to offer what they could. That's why it is so heartwarming.

The fifth War Bond Drive may be over, but KEEP ON BUYING BONDS!

HERE & THERE AROUND TILTON

HOW TO BECOME A MAJOR - COME INSPECT THE TILTON WAC DETACHMENT. - So far it has happened twice, though of course it's not

simple as the heading would lead you to assume.

Anyway, on Monday, 7 August, Capt. G. McQuatters, assistant director of WAC personnel, Second Service Command, came to inspect the WAC detachment here and by the time she left on Tuesday she had received her majority. And last year, when the director of WAC personnel in the Second Service Command came here for the same purpose, she,

too, arrived as a captain and left as a major. We're not sure, but we think it's something in the atmosphere that does it.

RECONDITIONING MOVES TO ANNEX AND GI'S GET ONE OF THEIR BARRACKS BACK - In the last couple of weeks, the Reconditioning office moved out of Ward 33 - which was promptly turned over to the enlisted personnel - and into their own special section in the annex. Over there they have their own mess hall and day room, and have facilities for 250 patients. At present there are about 80 men in the reconditioning program, but more will be taken in as soon as all the details of the shift are taken care of.

WARD 23 NOW CLOSED - Ward 23 was taken over by the Guard House as of Friday, 4 August, to be used as a prison ward for patients. Detachment men who, for some reason or other, become involved with the MP's will be kept at the guard house, but the ward will be reserved for hospital cases. Does that mean that Sgt. Witko can now apply for a brown-and-white seersucker outfit?

ASSISTANT ADJUTANT LEAVES TILTON - Lt. William P. Hayward, who was at Tilton since 31 January of this year, left officially on Sunday morning 6 August, to go to Camp Reynolds, Pennsylvania. The transfer will give Lt. Hayward a chance to satisfy the craving he has nourished for some three years now to do some traveling - or so he said.

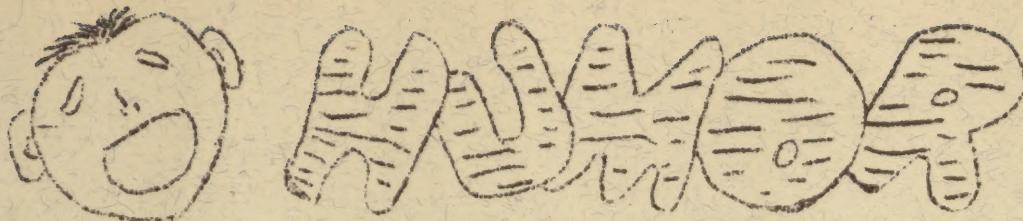
TILTON GOES OVER THE TOP - With very little noise or fanfare, Tilton General Hospital went considerably over its quota in the 5th War Bond Drive.

That figure was set at \$17,000, but before the drive was officially over we had rolled up the impressive total of \$20,000.

This sum was raised by purchases on the part of both civilian and military personnel. It seems that Tiltonites can recognize a good bargain when they see one.



OVER
THE
TOP



Commander: Yeoman, where did you file those discharges? They're not under the 'd's'.

Yeoman: I filed them under "c" for congratulations, sir!

Habit

**

Lady (with newspaper in hand): "It says here that a woman in Omaha has just created her third husband."

Old Maid: "Isn't that always the way? Some of us can't even get one, and others have husbands to burn."

The Rattler

**

The efficient restaurant waiter was drafted, given some quick training and sent overseas. He was assigned to an anti-aircraft battalion in Italy.

While they were being attacked by Nazi bombers, the captain called for the waiter-soldier and said, "Rush down to the supply depot and bring me some 20mm. shells."

"Yes, sir," he replied, walked away and returned with 16 mm. shells.

"But I ordered 20 mm. shells, and you brought me 16 mm. shells," the captain reminded him.

"Yes, sir," shrugged the waiter-soldier, "but you gotta realize there is a war going on."

Hammond Rx

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The bosun's mate entered the bank very importantly. In his hand he held a check for fifty cents. He approached the window and presented the check with a flourish and said, "Come, come, my good man, will you kindly cash this for me - and mind, I'm in somewhat of a hurry."

The cashier glanced up, and as he reached into the change drawer, asked, "Yes, sir, and how would you prefer it - heads or tails?"

Harpoon

MP Sentry : "Who's there - friend or foe?"
Voice ; "Foe."

MP Sentry : "Corporal of the Guard! What in Hell do I do now?"

Baxter Bugle

Spinsters: I can't decide between the diva and the arm chair.

Salesman: You can't go wrong on a nice, comfortable chair like this.

Spinsters: Send me the divan.

Greenwood Gremlin

Did you hear that one about a K-9 corps dog that asked for a tree-day pass?

Barksdale Bark

A young lieutenant, called upon to address a meeting of majors, colonels and generals, was obviously suffering from stage fright when he began his lecture. In a moment, however, he regained complete poise.

Noting the change, one of the generals asked the lieutenant how it had been accomplished.

"That's easy, sir", replied the young shavetail, "I just imagined you were all in your underwear."

Baxter Bugle

For every man over 85 there are seven women - but it's too late then.

Hammond Rx

The cute little thing entered the doctor's office with a worried look on her face.

"Doctor," she said, "I need an operation."

"Major?" asked the doctor.

"No," she said, "Corporal."

Greenwood Gremlin

I 'gion to Be
Gloweyry of the
sun.

- MACBETH

Act V SCENE 5